Aleppo Temple

Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the

MYSTIC SHRINE

OASIS *of* BOSTON, MASS.

NOW LISTEN, NOBLE!

Incline thine ear and give head to my Proclamation.

THERE is yet room for many more Sons of the Desert under the protecting dome of our goodly temple. The cold winter is leaving us, and soon spring zephyrs will be wafted over our oasis, and the summer suns will make it hot, bringing to us the wail of many of the unregenerate from all over our oasis, who would be enrolled with Pilgrims and Prophets.

Once more the spirit moves us to command you to break away from things terrene, and join our merry throng. "A little fun now and then is relished by the best of men." The Shriner believes that the Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine meets a long-felt want in this particular. He forgets for a time the trials and tribulations of his work-aday existence, and mingles with those whose wit and humor are keenest, which gives a relish to life socially that better fits him for his struggle with the world. But in anticipating our jollity and general rejoicing, let us not forget those unregenerate sons who, unmindful of our many admonitions, daily pursue their infidel course on the cold outside. They hear the winter's chilling blast, but heedless, harden their hearts and sleep in their socks. The tender and sympathetic nature of your merciful and compassionate Potentate has been touched and he has ordered and decreed that a Ceremonial Session be held on

Thursday, May 5th, 1904

at MECHANICS' HALL

Huntington Ave. - - - Boston, Mass.

Work and Ceremony at 6.30 P. M.
The Outer Portal will be open at 4 P. M.

Petitions will be Received

It does not take a very long head to see where we should have an unusually large bunch of novices for this class. Even you can understand that. Therefore don't overlook that friend of yours who is eligible for the Shrine, and would like to join us. Extend to him the glad hand, and tell him to put "twenty-five" therein, and that you and your accomplices will do the rest. The Shrine is paying dividends now, and your friend will always think more of you (and himself) for having taken your advice.

Bent was my form for the
Arab's prayer,
And banished forever all
thoughts of care;
Now the Muezzin's deep,
chanting note is
Gently sounded by Charley
Porter's stroke.
And again methinks I
hear the refrain:
'Tis a son of the desert
born again!

WHILE we cannot emulate the theatrical announcement and say that there will be an entire change of program, yet there will be a few new kinks, and some gingery enactments of the tried and reliable stunts. An essential ingredient of your enjoyment at this stage of the game, Noble, will be a responsive impressibility to the influences disseminated through the reluctant participation of the Novices in our Oriental ceremonies. All of which would be described by our fellow townsman, Tom Higgins, as giving them the glad ha! ha! for their ability to stand punishment.

THE SMELL OF POWDER in the Far East has stirred up the adventuresome spirit of our Moslem guards, and war paints and pin feathers are being gotten out for action. The hot weather flag signals from the minarette of our Temple, and there is much activity therein.

Things are looking good.

If the Recorder has omitted to send you the proper credential to enable you to attend this session, there must be some good reason for such omission. Send a written notice to him of your wants and pin a two-dollar note to the notice and he will send you relief at once. The surest way to cause the Recorder to attend to these little matters is to send the two dollars. Money always attracts his attention.

And now, beloved Nobles, this

Final Injunction

is laid upon you. If you should wear blue trousers, a checked vest, a plaid coat, and a spangled necktie, or a pair of stripped overalls and rubber boots, it will be all right—that is if you have no dress suit; but no matter if you are arrayed in the habiliments of Adam, you must wear your Fez, but not outside the hall.

If you don't attend this meeting you will afterwards hire a tramp to kick you.

Dr. P. H. Keese, Past Potentate of Al Koran Temple, has arranged a shrine trip to the Hawaiian Islands. All members of the order are cordially invited to join the party. For itinerary, giving full particulars, address P. H. Keese, 620 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

Courteously and fraternally yours,

James L. Blake
Potentate.

Attest: Edw. Powell
Recorder.